

explosions not only like great flowers  
but of a million flowers, showering  
foxholes, fronts ... or cities bombed  
with their bright flakes, the gay down of love --  
and the bombers could stop for tea  
before going back; everybody  
laughing, talking, kissing in the streets! holding  
out blue ...

                  Please, somebody  
poke that lovely girl who's  
yawning (I see her in the glass;  
some people won't read anything if it's long).  
Friends, I don't stand to make a penny;  
I've come up from the country  
to give the plan away for free,  
like violets, or poems, or cash  
(isn't she pretty, eyes like angels!)  
so help yourselves (what I'm trying)  
it's our world, after all  
(to tell her is life is short  
and I'll find her a violet and walk  
her home hello hello

JJJJJJJJJJ

-- Robert Wallace

Cleveland, Ohio

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the speckled trout  
in my hand i slit  
open to sift out  
his guts to eat  
him after fire  
scorched his  
body in the  
pan and my  
belly

the roots are  
my legs, head holes  
  
gather moisture and  
nourishment, my flower  
  
spits a seed

-- Steven Richmond

Santa Monica, California